9.

A VVIFE.

Novv

THE WIDDOW

OF

SIR THO: OVERBVRYE.

Being

A moſt exquiſite and ſingular Poem *of the choice of a Wife.*

WHEREVNTO ARE ADDED

many witty Characters, and conceited *Newes, written by himſelfe and other* learned Gentlemen his friends.

Dignum laude virum muſa vetat mori, Cælo muſa beat. Hor: car: lib. 3.

The third Impreſſion; With addition of *ſundry other new Characters.*

LONDON

Printed by *Edward Griffin* for *Lawrence Liſle*, and are to be ſold in *Paules Church-yard*, at the *Tigers head.* 1614.

XUM

XUM

THE PRINTER TO the Reader.

THY ignorance may challenge libertie enough, not to reliſh the deepe Arte of Poetry: becauſe opinion makes thee obſtinate; and rude tradition hath taught thee nothing but an abuſe of knowledge. For when thou readeſt a quaffing fellowes barbariſme, a worthy-written ſtile in Tragedies, and a colluſiue flouriſh onely fronted with the name excellent; thou ouer-lookſt them all with the vſuall contempt or aſperſion of friuolous, and fantaſticke labours, putting no difference betwixt the horſe pictured on a ſigne-poſt, and the curious limbd Pegaſus: But the age giues one comfort in extremitie, that as there is a Lizard which aſſailes; ſo is there one, which wonders at the maieſtie of man: ſure I am if any ſhall neglect, nay not commend the worth of this ſo generally approued Poeme; he may (if it proceeds from nice critiſciſme) bee well excluded as a churliſh retainer to the Muſes;) if

from a direct plaine dealing) he must be degraded for insufficiencie. For had such a volume been extant among the ancient Romanes, though they wanted our easie conseruations of wit, by printing; yet would they rather, and more easily, haue committed the sense hereof to brasse, and cedar leaues, then let such an Author, haue lost his due eternitie. If to converse with a creature so amiable, heere described, be thought more then difficult, let then the contemplation of it be admirable, which hath expressed the soule in so compact a forme of body. The surplusage, that now exceeds the last edition, was (that I may bee honestly impartiall) in some things only to be challenged by the first author, but others now added, (little inferior to the residue) being in nature answerable, and first transcrib'd by Gentlemen of the same qualitie, I haue vpon good inducements, made publike with warrantie of their and my owne credit. Not doubting therefore to be doubly discharged, both by the verdict of conscience and the well-deserued thankes of all iudicious Readers, I bid you euery one farewell,

May 16. 1614.

A MORNING-SACRIFICE to the Author.

THe only curſe or bleſſing that betides
To men, (made doubtful) by their beauteous brides,
Could neuer (being apparent) ſatisfie
The full enioyer, with ſatietie
Of confidence, to call them good, or bad,
So much; as this good worke (which chiefly had
A faire creation, to create anew
The ſoule of ſome, and to confirme ſome few)
Hath reſcued ſhameleſſe iudgement from the ſuit
Of meere opinion, and ſpeakes abſolute.
This widdow booke then, wife to rauiſh'd skill,
Married and made by the moſt maiden quill
Of one, not loſt to her, though ſhe to him,
Hath leaue to liue thus ſingle; richly trim,
Yet neuer to be challeng'd; being ſo chaſt
In puritie, and not to be imbrac't
Without the reuerence of hir wedlocks loue;
Which when thou ſeem'ſt vnwilling to approue,
Scorne a compleat faire woman; and ſo grudge
Becauſe thou haſt no libertie to iudge.
Nor, let thy glorious confidence preſume,
To make this Lady plyant, through perfume
Of powdred phraſe, and robes, or complement;
For though on pilgrimage thy learning went
In queſt of ſuch a wonder, yet thy paines
Were loſt, although thy labri'ng ſuit obtaines:
For woman (in the abſtract) hath no more
Then hath the wife, the widdow, maiden, whore,
And altogether; therefore thou haſt none,
Except thy labours purchaſe ſuch a one:
Which (to haue ſaid) they all agreed in Eue
Is all enough; if iealous man beleeue.

By *I. S. Lincolnienſis* Gentleman.

Briefe Panegyrickes to the Authors praiſe.

To the booke.

EXpoſ'd to all thou wilt leſſe worthy ſeeme
I feare: wittes common, all men diſeſteeme;
Yet ſome things haue a differing fate: ſome fret
We doubt in wates which are in corners ſet:
Hid medals ruſt, which being vſd grow bright;
The day more friendeth vertue then the night. (good,
Thou though more common, then maiſt ſeeme more
I onely wiſh thou mayſt be vnderſtood.

G. R.

TO make a Wife of wit, or meere Philoſophie,
And deck her vp with flowers of ſweeteſt poeſie,
Is no hard taske, but ſuch a one of fleſh to finde
Would weary all the wits and bodies of mankind:
Since worſe muſt ſerue the turne, then men muſt bee con-
To take ſuch as they finde, not ſuch as they inuent. (tent

T. B.

WEll haſt thou ſaid that woman ſhould be ſuch;
And were they that, had but a third as much
I would be married too: but that I know
Not what ſhee is, but ſhould be thou doſt ſhow:
So let me praiſe thy worke, and let my life
Be ſingle, or thy widow be my wife.

X. Z.

Of the choice of a Wife.

IF I were to chuſe a Woman,
As who knowes but I may marry,
I would truſt the eye of no man
Nor a tongue that may miſcarry:
For in way of loue and glory
Each tongue beſt tells his owne ſtorie.

Firſt to make my choice the bolder
I would haue her child to ſuch
Whoſe free vertuous liues are older
Then antiquitie can touch,
For tis ſeldom ſeen that blood
Giues a beauty great and good.

Yet an ancient ſtocke may bring
Branches I confeſſe of worth,
Like rich mantles ſhadowing
Thoſe deſcents that brought them forth,
Yet ſuch hilles though gilded ſhow
Sooneſt feele the age of ſnow.

Therefore to preuent ſuch care
That repentance ſoone may bring,
Like Merchants I would chuſe my ware,
Vſe-full good, *not glittering.*
He that weds for ſtate or face,
Buyes a horſe to looſe a race.

Yet I would haue her faire as any,
But her owne not kiſt away:
I would haue her free to many
Looke on all like equall day,
But deſcending to the Sea,
Make her ſet with none but me.

If ſhe be not tall tis better,
For that word, A goodly woman,

Prints

Prints it ſelfe in ſuch a letter
That it leaues vnſtudied no man;
I would haue my miſtreſſe grow
Only tall to anſwer no.

Yet I would not haue her looſe
So much breeding as to fling
Vnbecomming ſcorne on thoſe
That muſt worſhip euery thing.
Let her feare looſe lookes to ſcatter,
And looſe men will feare to flatter.

Children I would haue her beare
More for loue of name then bed,
So each child I haue is heire
To another maidenhead;
For ſhee that in the act's afraid
Euery night's another maide.

Such a one as when ſhee's wood
Bluſhes not for ill thoughts paſt,
But ſo innocently good
That her dreames are euer chaſte;
For that maide that thinks a ſin
Has betraid'd the fort ſhee's in.

In my viſitation ſtill
I would haue her ſcatter feares,
How this man, and that was ill;
After proteſtations teares;
And who vowes a conſtant life
Crownes a meritorious wife.

When the Prieſt firſt giues our hands,
I would haue her thinke but thus:
In what high and holy bands
Heauen, like twins, hath planted vs,
That like Aarons rod together
Both may bud, grow green, and wither.

FINIS.

The Method.

First of Mariage, and the effect thereof, children. Then of his contrary, Lust; *then for his choice. First, his opinion negatiuely, what should not be: the first causes in it, that is, neither* Beauty, Birth, *nor* Portion. *Then affirmatiuely, what should bee, of which kinde there are fower:* Goodnesse, Knowlede, Discretion, *and as a second thing* Beauty. *The first onely is absolutely good, the other being built vpon the first doe likewise become so. Then the application of that woman by loue to himselfe, which makes her a wife. And lastly the only condition of a wife,* Fitnesse.

A Wife.

EAch Woman is a *briefe* of Woman-kind,
And doth in little euen as much containe;
As, in one Day and Night, all life we find,
Of either, More, is but the same againe,
God fram'd Her so, that to Her *husband*, She,
As *Eue*, should all the *world of Women* be.

So fram'd he *Both*, that *neither* power he gaue,
Vse of themselues, but by *exchange*, to make:
Whence in their Face the *Fayre* no pleasure haue,
But by *reflexe* of what thence *other* take:
Our Lips in their owne Kisse no pleasure find,
Toward their proper Face, our Eyes are blind.

So God in *Eue* did *perfit* Man, *begun*,
Till then, in vaine much of himselfe he had,
In *Adam* God created onely *one*,
Eue, and the *world to come*, in *Eue* he made;
We are *two halfes*, whiles each from other straies,
Both barren are; *Ioyn'd both* their *like* can raise.

At first *both Sexes* were in *Man* combin'de,
Man, a *Shee-man* did in his body breed;
Adam was *Eues*, *Eue* mother of Mankinde,
Eue from *Liue-flesh*, Man did from *Dust* proceed,
One thus made *two*, *Mariage* doth revnite,
And makes them both but *one Hermaphrodite*.

Man did but the *well-being* of his life
From *woman* take, her *Being* she from *Man*,
And therefore *Eue* created was a Wife,
And at the end of all, her *Sex* began:
Mariage their obiect is; their *Being* then,
And now *Perfection*, they receiue from *Men*.

Mariage

Mariage, to all, whose ioyes *two parties* be,
And *doubled* are by being *parted* so,
Wherein the very *act* is chastitie,
Whereby *two Soules* into *one Body* goe,
It makes *two one*, whiles heere they liuing be,
And after death in their *Posteritie*.

God to *each Man a priuate woman* gaue,
That in that *Center* his *desires* might stint,
That he a *comfort like himselfe* might haue,
And that on her *his like* he might *imprint*.
Double is Womans *vse*, part of their end
Doth on *this Age*, part on the *next* depend.

We are but *part of Time*, yet cannot die,
Till we the world a *fresh supply* haue lent,
Children are Bodies sole *Eternitie*;
Nature is *Gods*, *Art* is *Mans* instrument.
Now all *Mans Art* but only dead things makes,
But herein *Man* in things of *life* partakes.

For wandring *Lust*; I know tis infinite,
It still *begins*, and addes not more to more,
The *guilt* is euerlasting, the *delight*,
This instant doth not feele of *that* before.
The *taste* of it is only in the *Sense*,
The *operation*, in the *Conscience*.

Woman is not *Luſts bounds*, but *Woman-kind*,
One: is *Loues number*, who from that doth fall,
Hath loſt his hold, and no *new reſt* ſhall find,
Vice hath no meane, but not to be at all;
A *wife* is that *Enough*, *Luſt* cannot finde,
For *Luſt* is ſtill with *want*, or *too-much pinde*.

Bate *Luſt* the Sin, my ſhare is eu'n with his,
For *Not to Luſt*, and *to Enioy* is one:
And More or Leſſe paſt, *equall* Nothing is,
I ſtill haue *one*, Luſt *one at once* alone:
And though the woman often changed be,
Yet Hee's the ſame without varietie.

Mariage our *Luſt* (as twere with fuell fire)
Doth, with a medicine *of the ſame*, allay;
And not *forbid*, but *rectifie deſire*.
My ſelfe I cannot chuſe, *my wife* I may:
And, in the choice of *Her*, it much doth lye,
To mend my ſelfe in my Poſteritie.

O rather let me *Loue*, then *be in Loue*;
So let me chuſe as *Wife* and *Friend* to find.
Let me forget hir *Sex* when I *approue*.
Beaſts likeneſſe lyes in *ſhape*, but *ours* in *minde*:
Our *ſoules no Sexes* haue, their Loue is cleane,
No *Sex*, both in the *better part* are *Men*.

But

But Phyſicke for our *luſt* their *Bodies* be,
But matter fit to ſhew our *Loue* vpon,
But onely *Shells* for our *poſteritie*,
Their ſoules were giu'n leſt man ſhould be alone;
For, but the *Soules interpreters, words be*,
Without which *Bodies* are no Companie:

That *goodly frame* we ſee of Fleſh and bloud,
Their *Faſhion* is, not *weight*, it is I ſay
But their *Laye-part*, but well digeſted food;
Tis but twixt *Duſt, and Duſt, Life's middle way*:
The worth of it is nothing that is *ſeen*,
But only that it holds a *Soule* within.

And all the carnall *Beauty* of my wife,
Is but skin-deep, but to *two Senſes* knowne;
Short euen of Pictures, ſhorter liu'd then Life,
And yet ſurujues the *loue* that's built thereon.
For our *Imagination* is too high,
For *Bodies* when they meet to ſatisfie.

All Shapes, all Colours are *alike* in *Night*,
Nor doth our *Touch* diſtinguiſh *foule or faire*:
But Mans *imagination*, and his *ſight*;
And thoſe, but the firſt weeke, by Cuſtome are
Both made alike, which diffred at *firſt view*;
Nor can that diffrence, *Abſence* much renew.

Nor can that *Beauty* lying in the *Face*,
But meerely by *imagination* be
Enioy'd by vs in an *inferior place*.
Nor can that *Beauty* by *enioying* we
Make *ours become*, ſo our *deſire* growes tame:
We changed are, but it remaines the ſame.

Birth, leſſe then *beauty*, ſhall my *reaſon* blinde,
Hir *birth* goes to my *Children*, not to me.
Rather had I that *actiue gentry* finde,
Vertue, then *paſſiue* from hir Aunceſtrie;
Rather in *her aliue* one vertue ſee,
Then all the reſt dead in her *Pedigree*.

In the Degrees, high rather be ſhee plac't,
Of *Nature* then of *Art* and *Pollicie*.
Gentry is but a *relique* of Time-paſt,
And *Loue* doth only but the *preſent* ſee;
Things were firſt made, then *words*: She were the
With, or *without*, *that title* or that name. (*ſame*,

As for (the oddes of Sexes) *Portion*;
Nor will I ſhun it, nor my ayme it make.
Birth, *Beauty*, *Wealth*, are nothing worth alone,
All theſe I would for *good Additions* take,
Not for *Good Parts*; thoſe *two* are ill combinde,
Whom any *third* thing *from theſelues* hath ioynd.

Rather

Rather then theſe, the obiect of my *Loue*
Let it be *Good*, when theſe with vertue goe,
They (in themſelues *indiffrent*,) vertues proue.
For *Good* (like Fire) turnes all things to be ſo.
Gods Image in Her *Soule*, ô let me place
My *Loue* vpon, not *Adams* in Her *Face*.

Good, is a fairer attribute then *White*,
Tis the *Mind's beauty* keeps the *other* ſweet:
That's not ſtill one, nor mortall with the light,
Nor glaſſe, nor painting can it counterfet,
Shees truly faire, whoſe *beauty* is *vnſeen*
Like *heau'n* faire *ſight-ward*, but more faire *within*.

By *Good*, I would haue *Holy* vnderſtood,
So *God* Shee cannot loue, but alſo *mee*,
The law requires our *words*, and *deeds* be good,
Religion euen the *Thoughts* doth ſanctifie:
And ſhee is *more a Maide* which *rauiſh't* is,
Then Shee which only doth but *wiſh amiſſe*.

Luſt only by *Religion* is withſtood,
Luſts obiect is aliue, his ſtrength within,
Moralitie reſiſts but in *cold bloud*,
Reſpect of *Credit* feareth *ſhame* not *ſin*.
But no place *darke enough* for ſuch offence
She findes, that's *watch't* by her owne *Conſcience*.

Then

Then may I *truſt Her Body* with her *Mind*,
And, therevpon ſecure, need neuer know
The pangs of *Ielouſie*: and *Loue* doth finde
More paine to *doubt* her falſe, then *know* her ſo;
For *Patience* is of euills that are known,
The certaine Remedie; but *Doubt* hath none.

And be that Thought *once* ſtirr'd 'twill neuer die,
Nor will the griefe more milde by Cuſtome proue;
Nor yet *amendment* can it ſatisfie,
The *anguiſh* more or leſſe is *as our Loue*:
This miſerie doth *Ielouſie* enſue,
That we may proue Her *falſe*, but cannot *True*.

Suſpition may the *will* of *Luſt* reſtraine,
But *Good* preuents from hauing ſuch a *will*,
A *Wife* that's *Good*, doth *Chaſte and more* containe,
For *Chaſte* is but an *Abſtinence* from ill:
And in a *Wife* that's *Bad*, although the *beſt*
Of qualities; yet in a *Good* the *leaſt*.

To barre the meanes is *Care*, not *Ielouſie*.
Some *lawfull* things to be auoyded are,
When, they *occaſion* of *vnlawfull* be.
Luſt ere it hurts is beſt deſcride afarre.
Luſt is a ſinne *of two*; he that is ſure
Of *either* part, may be of *both* ſecure.

Gine

A Wife.

Giue me next *Good* an *vnderſtanding Wife*,
By Nature *wiſe*, not *learned* by much Art,
Some *knowledge* on Hir ſide will all my life
More ſcope of Converſation impart,
Beſides, Her inborne vertue fortifie.
They are moſt firmely good, that beſt know why.

A *paßiue vnderſtanding* to conceiue,
And *Iudgment* to diſcerne, I wiſh to finde,
Beyond that, all as hazardous I leaue,
Learning and *pregnant wit* in Woman-kinde,
What it findes malleable maketh fraile,
And doth not adde more *ballaſte*, but more *ſaile*.

Bookes are a part of Mans prerogatiue,
In formall Inck they *Thoughts* and *Voyces* hold,
That we to them our ſolitude may giue,
And make *Time-preſent* trauaile that of *old*.
Our Life, *Fame* peeceth longer at the end,
And *Bookes* it farther backward doe extend.

Domeſticke Charge doth beſt that *Sex* befit,
Contiguous buiſnes, ſo to fixe the Minde,
That *Leaſure* ſpace for *Fancies* not admit:
Their *Leaſure* tis corrupteth *Woman-kinde*,
Elſe being plac'd from many vices free,
They had to heau'n a ſhorter cut then we.

As *good*, and *knowing*, let her be *Diſcreet*.
That to the others *weight*, doth *Faſhion* bring,
Diſcretion doth conſider what is *Fit*,
Goodneſſe but what is *lawfull*, but the *Thing*
Not *Circumſtances*; *Learning* is and *wit*,
In Men but *curious folly* without it.

To keep their Name when 'tis in others hands
Diſcretion askes, their *Credit* is by farre
More *fraile* then *They*, on likelyhoods it ſtands,
And hard to be diſprou'd *Luſt's ſlanders* are.
Their *Carriage*, not their *Chaſtitie* alone,
Muſt keep their *Name* chaſte from ſuſpition.

Womens *Behauiour* is a ſurer barre
Then is their *No: That* fairely doth *deny*
Without *denying*, *thereby* kept they are
Safe eu'n from *Hope*; in part to blame is ſhee,
Which hath *without conſent* bin only tride;
He comes too *neere*, that comes *to be denide*.

Now ſince a *Woman* we to *Marie* are,
A *Soule*, and *Body*, not a *Soule* alone;
When one is *Good*, then be the other *Faire*,
Beauty is *Health* and *Beauty* both in one,
Be Shee ſo faire as change can yeeld no gaine,
So faire, as Sheemoſt Women elſe containe.

At

At leaſt ſo Faire let me imagine Her,
That thought to me is *Truth*; *Opinion*
Cannot in matter of *opinion* erre;
With no *Eyes* ſhall I ſee her but *mine owne*,
And as my *Fancie Her* conceiues to be,
Euen ſuch my Sences both, do *Feele*, and *See*.

The *Face* we may the ſeate of *Beauty* call,
In it the reliſh of the reſt doth lye,
Nay eu'n a figure of the *Minde* withall:
And of the *Face* the *Life* moues in the *Eye*;
No things elſe being *two* ſo like we ſee,
So like, that they *two* but in Number be.

Beauty in *decent ſhape*, and *Colours* lies,
Colours the *matter* are, and *ſhape* the *Soule*;
The *Soule* which from no ſingle part doth riſe,
But from the iuſt proportion of the *whole*,
And is a meere *ſpirituall harmonie*,
Of eu'ry-part vnited in the *Eye*.

Loue is a kinde of *Superſtition*,
Which feares the Idoll which it-ſelfe hath fram'd,
Luſt a Deſire, which rather from his *owne*
Temper, then from the *obiect* is enflam'd;
Beauty is Loues *obiect*, *Woman* Luſt's, to gaine
Loue, Loue Deſires, *Luſt* only to *obtaine*.

No circumſtance doth *Beauty* beautifie,
Like gracefull *Faſhion*, natiue *Comelineſſe*,
Nay eu'n gets pardon for *Deformitie*;
Arte cannot it beget, but may encreaſe,
When *Nature* had fixt *Beauty* perfect made,
Something ſhee left for *Motion* to adde.

But let that *Faſhion* more to *Modeſtie*
Tend, then *Aſſurance*; *Modeſtie* doth ſet
The face in his iuſt place, from *Paſſions* free,
Tis both the *Mindes*, and *Bodies Beauty* met;
But *Modeſtie*; no vertue can we ſee;
That is the Faces only *Chaſtitie*.

Where *goodnes* failes, twixt ill and ill *that* ſtands:
Whence tis that *women* though they weaker be,
And their deſires more ſtrong, yet on their hands
The *Chaſtitie* of *men* doth often lie:
Luſt would more common be then any one,
Could it like other ſinnes be done *alone*.

All theſe *good parts* a *Perfect woman* make,
Adde *Loue* to me, they make a *Perfect Wife*,
Without Hir *Loue*, Hir *Beauty* ſhould I take
As that of *Pictures*, dead, *That* giues it life:
Till then Her *Beauty* like the Sunne doth ſhine
Alike to all; *That* makes it only *mine*.

And

And of that *Loue*, let *Reaſon Father* be,
And *Paſſion Mother*; let it from the one
His *Being* take, the other his *Degree*;
Selfe-loue (which ſecond Loues are built vpon,)
Will make *me* (if not *Her*) her *Loue* reſpect;
No Man but fauours his owne worths effect.

As *Good*, and *wiſe*, ſo be Shee *Fit* for mee,
That is, To *will*, and *Not to will* the ſame,
My *Wife* is my *Adopted-Selfe*, and Shee
As Mee, ſo what I loue, to Loue muſt frame.
For when by Mariage both in one concurre,
Woman converts to Man, not Man to her.

FINIS

The Authors Epitaph.

THe Span of my daies meaſur'd heere I reſt,
That is my body; but my ſoule his gueſt
Is hence aſcended, whither, neither Time,
Nor Faith, nor Hope, but only loue can clime;
Where being now inlightned, Shee doth know
The Truth of all men argue of below:
Only this duſt doth here in Pawne remaine,
That when the world diſſolues ſhe come againe.

XUM

A good Wife

IS a mans beſt mooueable, a ſcion incorporate with the ſtock, bringing ſweet fruit; one that to her husband is more then a friend, leſſe then trouble: an equall with him in the yoke. Calamities and troubles ſhee ſhates alike, nothing pleaſeth her that doth not him. Shee is relatiue in all; and he without her but halfe himſelfe. Shee is his abſent hands, eyes, eares, and mouth: his preſent and abſent All. She frames her nature vnto his howſoeuer, the *Hiacinth* followes not the Sunne more willingly. Stubbornneſſe and obſtinacie are hearbes that grow not in her garden. Shee leaues tatling to the goſſips of the towne, and is more ſeen then heard: her houſhold is her charge, her care to that makes her ſeldome non-reſident. Her pride is, but to bee cleanly, and her thrift not to bee prodigall. By her diſcretion ſhe hath children, not wantons; a husband without her is a miſery in a mans apparell: none but ſhe hath an aged husband, to whom ſhe is both a ſtaffe and a chaire. To conclude, ſhe is both wiſe and religious, which makes her all this.

A Melancholy man

IS a ſtrayer from the droue: one that nature made ſociable, becauſe ſhe made him man, and a crazed diſpoſition hath altered. Impleaſing to all, as all to him; ſtragling thoughts are his content, they make him dreame waking, there's his pleaſure. His imagination is neuer idle, it keeps his minde in a continuall motion, as the poiſe the clocke: he windes vp his thoughts often, and as

often vn-windes them, *Penelopes* web thriues faſter. Hee'le ſeldome bee found without the ſhade of ſome groue, in whoſe bottom a riuer dwells. He carries a cloud in his face, neuer faire weather: his outſide is framed to his inſide, in that hee keeps a *Decorum*, both vnſeemely. Speake to him, hee heares with his eyes, eares follow his minde, and thats not at leaſure. He thinkes buſines, but neuer does any; he is all contemplation no action. Hee hewes and faſhions his thoughts as if hee meant them to ſome purpoſe, but they proue vnprofitable; as a peece of wrought timber to no vſe. His ſpirits and the ſumme are enemies, the ſumme bright and warme, his humor blacke and cold, varietie of fooliſh apparitions people his head, they ſuffer him not to breath, according to the neceſſities of nature; which makes him ſup vp a draught of as much aire at once, as would ſerue him thrice. He denies nature her due in ſleepe, and ouerpayes her with watchfulneſſe, nothing pleaſeth him long, but that which pleaſeth his owne fantaſies; they are the conſuming euills, and euill conſumptions, that conſumes him aliue. Laſtly, he is a man onely in ſhew, but comes ſhort of the better part; a whole reaſonable ſoule, which is mans chiefe prehemi-nence, and ſole marke from creatures ſenceable.

A Sayler

IS a picht peece of reaſon ealkt and tackeld; and onlie ſtudied to diſpute with tempeſts. He is part of his owne prouiſion; for he liues euer pickeld. A fore winde is the ſubſtance of his creede; and freſh water the burden of his prayers. He is naturally ambitious for he is euer cly-ming, out of which as naturally he feares; for hee is euer flying: time and he are euery where, euer contending who

who ſhall ariue firſt: he is well winded for he tires the day and out runnes darkneſſe. His life is like a *hawkes* the beſt part mewed; and if hee liue till three loates is a maſter. He ſees Gods wonders in the deepe: but ſo, as rather they appeare his playfellowes; then ſtirrers of his zeale: nothing but hunger and hard rockes can conuert him; and then but his vpper decke neither; for his hold neither feares nor hopes. His ſleepes are but repreuals of his dangers. And when he wakes; tis but next ſtage to dying: His wiſedome is the coldeſt part about him, for it euer poynts to the north, and alſo the loweſt which makes his valor euery tide ore flow it. In a ſtorme tis diſputable, whether the noyſe bee more his, or the Elements, and which will firſt leaue ſcolding; on which ſide of the ſhip he may be ſaued beſt, whether his faith be ſtar bord faith, or lar bord: or the helme at that time not all his hope of heauen: His keele is the Embleame of his conſcience: till it be ſplitt he neuer repents, and then no farther then the land alowes him: his language is a new confuſion: and all his thoughts new nations, his body and his ſhip are both one burthen; nor is it knowne who ſtowes moſt wine, or rowles moſt: only the ſhip is guided; he has no ſterne: a barnacle and he are bred together, both of one nature, and tis feard one reaſon: vpon any but a wodden horſe he cannot ride; and if the winde blow againſt him he dare not; he ſwarues vp to his ſeate as to a ſayle yarde, and cannot ſit vnleſſe he beare a flagge ſtaff: if euer hee be broken to the ſaddle; tis but a voyage ſtill, for he miſtakes the bridle for a bowlin, and is euer turning his horſe tayle: he can pray, but tis by rote; not faith; and when he would he dares not; for his brackiſh beleife hath made that *ominous*. A rocke or a quick ſand pluck him before he be ripe, els he is gatherd to his friends at wapping.

A Souldier

A Souldier

IS the Husbandman of valor, his Sword is his plow: which honor and aqua-uitæ, two fierie mettald Iades, are euer drawing. A younger brother beſt becomes armes, an elder, the thankes for them; euery heat makes him a harueſt: and diſcontents abroad are his Sowers: he is actiuely his *Princes*, but paſſiuely his angers ſeruant. He is often a deſirer of learning, which once ariued at, prooues his ſtrongeſt armor: he is a louer at all points; and a true defender of the faith of women: more wealth then makes him ſeeme a hanſome foe, lightly he couets not, leſſe is below him; he neuer truely wants, but in much hauing, for then his eaſe and leacherie afflict him; the word *peace* though in prayer makes him ſtart, and God hee beſt conſiders by his power; hunger and cold ranke in the ſame field with him, and hould him to a man: his honor elſe and the deſire of doing things beyond him, would blow him greater then the ſonnes of Anack. His religion is, commonly, as his cauſe is, doubtfull, and that the beſt deuotion keepes beſt quarter; hee ſeldome ſees gray haires, ſome none at all, for where the Sword failes, there the fleſh giues fire: in Charitie he goes beyond the Clergie, for he loues his greateſt enimie beſt, much drinking; he ſeemes a full Studient, for he is a great deſirer of controuerſies, he argues ſharpely and carries the concluſion in his ſcabard; in the firſt refining of mankind this was the gold, his actions are his anuell. His alay (for elſe you cannot worke him perfectly) continuall duties, heauy and wearie marches, lodgings as full of need as cold diſeaſes. No time to argue, but to execute. Line him with theſe, and linke him to his ſquadrons, and he appeares a moſt rich chaine for Princes.

CHAR.

CHARACTERS,

OR

VVitty Deſcriptions of the Properties *of ſundry Perſons.*

A good Woman.

A Good Woman is a comfort, like a Man. Shee lacks of him nothing but heat. Thence is her ſweetnes of diſpoſition, which meets his ſtoutnes more pleaſantly; ſo wooll meets iron eaſier then iron, and turnes reſiſting into embracing. Hir greateſt learning is Religion, and her thoughts are on her owne *Sexe*, or on men, without caſting the difference. *Diſhoneſtie* neuer comes neerer than her eares, and then wonder ſtops it out, and ſaues vertue the labour. Shee leaues the neat *youth* telling his *luſhious* tales, and puts backe the *Seruingmans* putting forward with a frowne: yet her kindneſſe is free enough to be ſeene; for it hath no guilt about it: and her

her mirth is cleare, that you may looke through it, into vertue, but not beyond. She hath not behauiour at a certaine, but makes it to her occasion. She hath so much knowledge as to loue it, and if shee haue it not at home, she will fetch it; for this sometimes in a pleasant discontent shee dares chide her *Sex*, though she vse it neuer the worse. Shee is much within, and frames outward things to hir minde, not hir minde to them. Shee weares good clothes, but neuer better; for she finds no degree beyond *Decencie*. Shee hath a content of her owne, and so seeks not a husband, but finds him. She is indeed most, but not much to description, for she is direct and one, and hath not the varietie of ill. Now shee is giuen fresh and aliue to a husband, and shee doth nothing more than loue him, for shee takes him to that purpose. So his good becomes the businesse of her actions, and shee doth her selfe kindnesse vpon him. After his, her chiefest vertue is a good husband. For *Shee* is *Hee*.

A very Woman

IS a dow-bakt man, or She ment well towards man, but fell the two bowes short *strength* and *vnderstanding*. Hir vertue is the hedge *Modestie*, that keeps a man from clyming ouer into her faults. Shee simpers as if shee had no teeth, but lips, and shee deuides her eyes and keeps halfe for her selfe, and giues th'other to her neat *Youth*. Being set down she casts her face into a platforme, which dureth the meale, and

and is taken away with the voyder. Her draught reacheth to good-manners, not to thirſt, and it is a part of their myſterie not to profeſſe hunger; but *Nature* takes her in priuate and ſtretcheth her vpon meate. She is *Mariageable* and *Fourteene* at once; and after ſhee doth not liue but tarry. Shee reades ouer her face euery morning, and ſometime blots out pale, and writes red. She thinks ſhe is faire, though many times her opinion goes alone, and ſhe loues her glaſſe and the knight of the *Sunne* for lying. Shee is hid away all but her face, and that's hang'd about with toyes and deuices, like the ſigne of a Tauerne to draw *Strangers*. If ſhe ſhew more, ſhe preuents deſire, and by too free-giuing, leaues no *Gift*. She may eſcape from the Seruingman, but not from the chamber-maide. She commits with her eares for certaine, after that ſhee may goe for a Maide, but ſhee hath been lyen with in her vnderſtanding. Her *Philoſophy* is aſeming neglect of thoſe, that be too good for her. Shee's a younger brother for her portion, but not for her portion of wit, that comes from her in a treble, which is ſtill to big for it; yet her *Vanitie* ſeldome matcheth her, with one of her owne degree, for then ſhee will beget another creature a begger, and commonly if ſhee mary better, ſhee marries worſe. Shee gets much by the ſimplicitie of her Sutor, and for a ieſt, laughes at him without one. Thus ſhe dreſſes a husband for her ſelfe, and after takes him for his patience, and the land adioyning, yee may ſee it, in a Seruingmans freſh *naperie*, and his leg ſteps into an vnknowne ſtocking. I need not ſpeake of his *garters*, the taſſell ſhewes it ſelfe. If ſhee loue, ſhe loues not

the man but the beast of him. She is *Salomons* cruell creature, and a mans walking consumption: euery caudle shee giues him, is a purge. Hir chiefe commendation is, she brings a man to repentance.

Her next part.

Her lightnesse gets her to swim at top of the Table, where her wry little finger, bewrayes *caruing*; her neighbours at the latter end know they are welcome, and for that purpose shee quencheth her thirst. She trauels to and among, and so becomes a woman of good entertainment, for all the folly in the country, comes in cleane linnen to visit her; shee breakes to them her griefe in sugar cakes, & receiues from their mouthes in exchange, many stories that conclude to no purpose. Her eldest Sonne is like her howsoeuer, and that dispraiseth him best: her vtmost drift, is to turne him foole, which commonly she obtaines at the yeares of discretion. Shee takes a iourney sometimes to her neeces house, but neuer thinkes beyond *London*. Her *Deuotion* is good clothes, they carry her to Church, expresse their stuffe & fashion, and are silent; if shee be more deuout, shee lifts vp a certaine number of eyes, in stead of prayers, and takes the Sermon and measures out a nap by it, iust as long. She sends Religion afore to *Sixtie*, where she neuer ouertakes it, or driues it before her againe. Her most necessarie instruments, are a *waiting-Gentlewoman*, & a *chamber-maide*, shee weares her Gentlewoman still, but most often leaues th'other in her chamber window. She hath a litle *Kennell* in her lap, and she smels the

the ſweeter for it. The vtmoſt reach of her *Prouidence*, is the fatneſſe of a Capon, and her greateſt enuie, is the next Gentlewomans better gowne. Her moſt commendable skill, is to make her husbands fuſtian beare her veluet. This ſhee doth many times ouer, and then is deliuered to old age and a chaire, where euery body leaues her.

A Diſſembler

IS an eſſence needing a double definition, for hee is not that he appeares. Vnto the eye he is pleaſing, vnto the eare not harſh, but vnto the vnderſtanding intricate, and full of windings: hee is the *prima materia*, and his intents giue him forme: he dyeth his meanes and his meaning into two colours: he baites craft with humilitie, and his countenance is the picture of the preſent diſpoſitions. He winnes not by battry, but vndermining, and his racke is ſoothing. Hee allures, is not allur'd by his affections, for they are the brokers of his obſeruation. He knowes paſſion onely by ſufferance, and reſiſteth by obeying. Hee makes his time an accomptant to his memorie, and of the humors of men weaues a net for occaſion; the inquiſitor muſt looke through his iudgment, for to the eye only he is not viſible.

A Courtier

TO all mens thinking is a man, and to moſt men the fineſt: all things elſe are defined by the vnderſtanding, but this by the ſences; but his ſureſt marke is, that hee is to be found only about Princes. He ſmells; and putteth away much of his iudgment about the ſcituation of his clothes. He knowes no man that is not generally knowne. His wit, like the *Marigold*, openeth with the *Sunne*, and therefore hee riſeth not before ten of the clocke. Hee puts more confidence in his words than meaning, and more in his pronuntiation than his words. *Occaſion* is his *Cupid*, and hee hath but one receipt of making loue. He followes nothing but inconſtancie, admires nothing but beauty, honours nothing but fortune. Loues nothing. The ſuſtenance of his diſcourſe is newes, and his cenſure like a ſhot depends vpon the charging. He is not, if he be out of Court, but fiſh-like breathes deſtruction, if out of his owne element. Neither his motion, or aſpect are regular, but hee mooues by the vpper *Spheres*, and is the reflexion of higher ſubſtances. If you finde him not heere, you ſhall in *Paules*, with a pick-tooth in his hat, a cape-cloke, and a long ſtocking.

A Gol-

A golden Asse

IS a young thing, whose Father went to the Deuill; hee is followed like a salt bitch, and lymb'd by him that gets vp first; his disposition is cut, and knaues rent him like tenter-hookes: hee is as blind as his mother, and swallowes flatterers for friends. He is high in his owne imagination, but that imagination is a stone, that is raised by violence, descends naturally; when hee goes, he lookes who lookes, if hee finds not good store of vaylers, he comes home stiffe and seere vntill hee be new oyled and watered by his husbandmen. Whereseuer hee eats, hee hath an officer to warne men not to talke out of his element, and his owne is exceeding sensible, because it is sensuall; but hee cannot exchange a peece of reason, though hee can a peece of gold. Hee is naught pluckt, for his feathers are his beauty, and more then his beauty, they are his discretion, his countenance, his All. He is now at an end, for he hath had the wolfe of vaine-glory, which he fed vntill himselfe became the food.

A Flatterer

IS *the ſhadow of a ſoole.* He is a good wood-man, for he ſingleth out none but the wealthy. His cariage is euer of the colour of his patient; and for his ſake he will halt or weare a wry neck. He diſpraiſeth nothing but pouertie, and ſmall drinke, and praiſeth his grace of making water. He ſelleth himſelfe with reckoning his great Friends, and teacheth the preſent how to win his praiſes by reciting the others gifts: he is ready for all employments, but eſpecially before dinner, for his courage and his ſtomacke goe together. Hee will play any part vpon his countenance, and where hee cannot be admitted for a counſeller, hee will ſerue as ſoole. Hee frequents the court of wards and ordinaries, and fits theſe gueſts of *Togæ virilis*, with wiues or whores. He entreth young men into acquaintance and debt bookes. In a word, hee is the impreſſion of the laſt terme, and will be ſo, vntill the comming of a new terme or termer.

An

An ignorant glory-hunter.

IS an *insecta animalia*; for he is the maggot of opinion, his behauiour is another thing from himselfe, and is glewed, and but set on. Hee entertaines men with repetitions, and returnes them their owne words. Hee is ignorant of nothing, no not of those things, where ignorance is the lesse shame. He gets the names of good wits, and vtters them for his companions. Hee confesseth vices that he is guiltlesse of, if they bee in fashion; and dares not salute a man in old clothes, or out of fashion. There is not a publike assembly without him, and hee will take any paines for an acquaintance there. In any shew hee will bee one, though hee be but a whiffler or a torch-bearer; and beares down strangers with the story of his actions. He handles nothing that is not rare, and defends his wardrope, diet, and all customes, with enritling their beginnings from Princes, great Souldiers, and strange Nations. He dares speake more then he vnderstands, and aduenture his words without the reliefe of any seconds. He relates battels and skirmishes, as from an eye witnes, when his eyes theeuishly beguiled a ballad of them. In a word, to make sure of admiration, he will not let himselfe vnderstand himselfe, but hopes fame and opinion, wil be the Readers of his Riddles.

A Timeist.

A Tymiſt.

IS a *noune Adiectiue of the preſent tenſe.* He hath no more of a conſcience then Feare, and his religion is not his but the Princes. He reuerenceth a Courtiers Seruants ſeruant. Is firſt his owne Slaue, and then whoſoeuer looketh big; when hee giues he curſeth, and when he ſells he worſhips. He reads the ſtatutes in his chamber, and weares the Bible in the ſtreetes; hee neuer praiſeth any but before themſelues or friends; and miſlikes no great mens actions during his life. His new-yeares gifts are ready at *Alhalomas*, and the ſute he ment to meditate before them. He pleaſeth the Children of great men, and promiſeth to adopt them; and his curteſie extends it ſelfe euen to the ſtable. Hee ſtraines to talke wiſely, and his modeſtie would ſerue a Bride. Hee is grauitie from the head to the foote, but not from the head to the heart; you may finde what place hee affecteth, for he creepes as neere it as may bee, and as paſſionately courts it; if at any time his hopes are effected, hee ſwelleth with them; and they burſt out too good for the veſſell. In a word, hee danceth to the tune of Fortune, and ſtudies for nothing but to keepe time.

An Amo-

An Amorist

IS a creature blasted or planet-stroken, and is the dog that leads blinde *Cupid*; when he is at the best, his fashion exceeds the worth of his weight. He is neuer without verses, and muske comfects: and sighes to the hazard of his buttons; his eyes are all white, either to weare the liuery of his Mistris complexion, or to keep *Cupid* from hitting the blacke. He fights with passion, and looseth much of his blood by his weapon; dreames, thence his paleneſſe. His armes are careleſly vsed, as if their best vse were nothing but embracements. He is vntrust and vnbuttoned, vngartred, not out of careleſnes, but care; his fartheſt end being but going to bed. Somtimes he wraps his petition in nearnes, but it goeth not alone, for then he makes some other quality moralize his affection, and his trimnes is the grace of that grace. Her fauour lifts him vp as the Sunne moysture; when she disfauours, vnable to hold that happineſſe, it fals down in teares; his fingers are his Orators, and he expreſſeth much of himselfe vpon some instrument. He answers not, or not to the purpose; and no maruell, for he is not at home. Hee scocheth time with dancing with his Mistres, taking vp of hir gloue, & wearing her feather; he is confinde to her colour, and dares not passe out of the circuit of her memory. His imagination is a foole, and it goeth in a pied-coat of red and white; shortly hee is translated out of a man into folly; his imagination is the glasse of lust, and himselfe the traitor to his own discretion.

An affected Traueller

IS a ſpeaking fathion; hee hath taken paines to bee ridiculous, and hath ſeene more then he hath perceiued. His attire ſpeakes *French* or *Italian*, and his *gate* cryes, *Behold me*. He cenſures all thinges by countenances, and ſhrugs, and ſpeakes his owne language with ſhame and liſping: he will choake rather than confeſſe *Beere* good drinke: and his pick-tooth is a maine part of his behauiour. Hee chooſeth rather to be counted a *Spie*, then not a *Pollititian*: and maintains his reputation by naming great men familiarly. He chooſeth rather to tell lies then not wonders, and talkes with men ſingly; his diſcourſe ſounds big but meanes nothing: and his boy is bound to admire him howſoeuer. He comes ſtill from great perſonages, but goes with meane. He takes occaſion to ſhew Iewels giuen him in regard of his vertue, that were bought in *S. Martins*, and not long after, hauing with a *Mountebanckes* method, pronounced them worth thouſands, empawneth them for a few ſhillings. Vpon feſtiuall daies he goes to Court, and ſalutes without re-ſaluting: at night in an Ordinarie hee confeſſeth the buſineſſe in hand, and ſeemes as conuerſant with all intents and plots, as if he begot them. His extraordinary accompt of men is, firſt to tell them the ends of all matters of conſequence, and then to borrow mony of them; hee offereth curteſies, to ſhew them, rather then himſelfe humble. He diſdaines all things aboue his reach, and preferreth all Countries before his owne. He imputeth his wants and pouertie to the igno-

ignorance of the time, not his owne vnworthineſſe: and concludes his diſcourſe with a halfe period, or a word, and leaues the reſt to imagination. In a word, his Religion is faſhion, and both body and ſoule are gouerned by fame, he loues moſt voices aboue truth.

A Wiſeman

IS the truth of the true definition of man, that is, a reaſonable Creature. His diſpoſition alters, alters not. He hides himſelfe with the attire of the vulgar; and in indifferent thinges is content to bee gouerned by them. Hee lookes according to nature, ſo goes his behauior. His mind enioyes a continuall ſmoothneſſe, ſo cometh it, that his conſideration is alwaies at home. He endures the faults of all men ſilently, except his friends, and to them he is the mirrour of their actions; by this meanes his peace commeth not from fortune, but himſelfe. He is cunning in men, not to ſurpriſe but keepe his owne, and beats off their ill affected humours, no otherwiſe then if they were flyes. He chooſeth not friends by the ſubſidie book, and is not luxurious after acquaintance. He maintaines the ſtrength of his body, not by delicacies, but temperance; and his minde by giuing it preheminence ouer his body. He vnderſtands thinges not by their forme, but qualities; and his compariſons intend not to excuſe, but to prouoke him higher. He is not ſubiect to caſualties, for fortune hath nothing to doe with the mind, except thoſe drowned in the body: but he hath diuided his ſoule, from the caſe of his ſoule, whoſe weakneſſe he aſſiſts no otherwiſe

than commiseratiuely, not that it is his, but that it is. He is thus, and will be thus: and liues subiect neither to time nor his frailties; the Seruant of vertue, and by vertue the friend of the highest.

A Noble Spirit

HAth surueyed and fortified his disposition, and conuerts all occurrents into experience, betweene which experience and his reason, there is a marriage; the issue are his actions. He circuits his intents, and seeth the end before hee shoot. Men are the instruments of his Art, and there is no man without his vse: occasion encites him, none enticeth him; and hee mooues by affection, not for affection; hee loues glory, scornes shame, and gouerneth and obeieth with one countenance; for it comes from one consideration. He cals not the variety of the World chances, for his meditation hath trauailed ouer them; and his eye, mounted vpon his vnderstanding, seeth them as thinges vnderneath. He couers not his bodie with delicacies, nor excuseth these delicacies by his body, but teacheth it, since it is not able to defend it's owne imbecility to shew or suffer. He licenseth not his weaknes, to weare fate, but knowing reason to be no idle gift of nature, he is the Steeres-man of his owne destiny. Truth is his Goddesse, and hee takes paines to get her, not to look like her. He knows the condition of the world, that he must act one thing by another, and then another. To these he carries his desires, not his desires him; and stickes not fast by the way (for that contentment is repentance) but knowing

ing the circle of all courſes, of all intents, of all things, to haue but one center or period, without all diſtraction he haſteth thither and ends there, as his true and naturall element. Hee doth not contemne fortune, but not confeſſe her. Hee is no Gamſter of the world (which onely complaine and praiſe her:) but beeing onely ſenſible of the honeſtie of actions, contemnes a particular profit as the excrement or skum. Vnto the ſocietie of men hee is a *Sunne*, whoſe cleareneſſe directs their ſteps in a regular motion: when hee is more particular, hee is the wiſe-mans friend, the example of the indifferent, the medicine of the vicious. Thus time goeth not from him, but with him: and he feeles age more by the ſtrength of his ſoule, than the weakeneſſe of his body: thus feeles he not paine, but eſteemes all ſuch things as frends that deſire to file off his fetters, and help him out of priſon.

An old Man

IS a thing that hath been a man in his daies. Old men are to bee knowne blind-folded: for their talk is as terrible as their reſemblance. They praiſe their owne times as vehemently, as if they would ſell them. They become wrinckled with frowning and facing youth: they admire their owne cuſtomes, euen to the eating of red herring, and going wet-ſhod. They call the thombe vnder the girdle grauitie, and becauſe they can hardly ſmel at all, their poſies are vnder their girdles. They count it an ornament of ſpeech, to cloſe the period with a cough; and it is venerable, they ſay, to ſpend time in wiping their driuelled beards. Their

diſcourſe is vnanſwerable, by reaſon of their obſtinacie: and their ſpeech is much, though little to the purpoſe. Truthes and lyes paſſe with an equall affirmation, for their memories ſeuerall is worne into one receptacle, and ſo they come out with one ſenſe. They teach their ſeruants their duties with as much ſcorne & tyrannie, as ſome people teach their dogs to fetch. Their enuie is one of their diſeaſes. They put off and on their clothes, with that certaintie, as if they knew, their heads would not direct them, and therefore cuſtome ſhould. They take a pride in halting and going ſtiffely, and therefore their ſtaues are carued and tipped; they truſt their attire with much of their grauitie; and they dare not go without a gown in ſummer. Their hats are bruſhed to draw mens eyes off from their faces; but of all, their *Pomanders* are worne to moſt purpoſe, for their putrified breath ought not to want either a ſmell to defend, or a dog to excuſe.

A Country Gentleman

IS a thing out of whoſe corruption, the generation of a Iuſtice of Peace is produced. Hee ſpeakes ſtatutes and husbandry well enough, to make his neighbours thinke him a wiſe-man; hee is well skilled in *Arithmeticke* or rates; and hath eloquence enough to ſaue his two-pence. His conuerſation amongſt his Tenants is deſperate; but amongſt his equalls full of doubt. His trauell is ſeldome farther then the next market towne, and his inquiſition is about the price of corne: when hee trauelleth hee will goe ten mile out of the way, to a Coſens houſe of his

his to ſaue charges; and rewards the Seruants by taking them by the hand when hee departs. Nothing vnder a *Sub-pœna* can draw him to *London*, and when hee is there, hee ſtickes faſt vpon euery Obiect, caſts his eyes away vppon gazing, and becomes the prey of euery cut-purſe. When hee comes home thoſe wonders ſerue him for his holliday talke. If hee goes to Court, it is in yellow ſtockings, and if hee bee in winter, in a ſleight taffetie cloke, and pumpes and pantaffles. Hee is chayn'd, that wooes the vſher for his comming into the preſence, where hee becomes troubleſome with the ill managing of his rapier, and the wearing of his girdle of one faſhion and the hangers of another; by this time hee hath learned to kiſſe his hand, and make a leg both together, and the names of Lords & Counſellors; he hath thus much toward entertainment and curteſie, but of the laſt he makes more vſe; for by the recitall of *my Lord*, hee coniures his poore countrymen. But this is not his element, but he muſt home againe, being like a Dor, that ends his flight in a dunghill.

A fine Gentleman.

IS *the Cynamon tree*, whoſe barke is more worth then his body. Hee hath read the booke of good manners, and by this time each of his limbes may read it. Hee alloweth of no iudge, but the eye: painting, boulſtring and bumbaſting are his *Orators*: by theſe alſo he proues his induſtrie: for he hath purchaſed legs, haire, beauty, and ſtraightneſſe, more then

natur

nature left him. Hee vnlockes maidenheads with his language, and ſpeakes *Euphues* not ſo gracefully as heartily. His diſcourſe makes not his behauiour, but he buyes it at Court, as countrymen their clothes in Burchin lane. Hee is ſomewhat like the *Salamander*, and liues in the flame of loue, which paines he expreſſeth comically: and nothing grieues him ſo much, as the want of a Poet to make an iſſue in his loue; yet he ſighes ſweetly, and ſpeakes lamentably: for his breath is perfumed, and his words are winde. Hee is beſt in ſeaſon at Chriſtmas; for the Boores head and Reueller come together; his hopes are laden in his qualitie, and leſt fidlers ſhould take him vnprouided, he weares pumpes in his pocket, and leſt hee ſhould take fidlers vnprouided, he whiſtles his owne galliard. He is a calender of ten yeares, and marriage ruſts him. Afterwards hee maintaines himſelfe an implement of houſhold by caruing and vſhering. For all this he is iudiciall only in Taylors and Barbers, but his opinion is euer ready and euer idle. If you will know more of his Arts, the Brokers ſhop is the witnes of his valour, where lies wounded, dead, rent and out of faſhion many a ſpruce ſuite ouerthrowne by his fantaſtikenes.

An elder Brother

IS a creature borne to the beſt aduantage of things without him; that hath the ſtart at the beginning, but loyters it away before the ending. Hee lookes like his land, as heauily, and durtily, as ſtubbornely. He dares doe any thing but fight: and feares nothing but his Fathers life and minoritie. The firſt thing hee makes

makes knowne is his eſtate; and the load-ſtone that drawes him is the vpper end of the table. He wooeth by a particular, and his ſtrongeſt argument is the iointure. His obſeruation is all about the faſhion, and he commends Partlets for a rare deuiſe. Hee ſpeakes no language, but ſmells of dogs or haukes; and his ambition flies Iuſtice-hight. He loues to be commended, and he will goe into the kitchin, but heele haue it. He loues glory, but is ſo lazie as he is content with flatterie. Hee ſpeakes moſt of the precedencie of age, and proteſts fortune the greateſt vertue. Hee ſummoneth the old ſeruants, and tels what ſtrange acts hee will doe, when he raignes. He verily beleeues houſe-keepers the beſt common-wealths men; and therfore ſtudies baking, brewing, greaſing, and ſuch, as the lims of goodneſſe. Hee iudgeth it no ſmall ſigne of wiſedome to talke much, his tongue therefore goes continually his errand, but neuer ſpeeds. If his vnderſtanding were not honeſter than his will, no man ſhould keep a good conceit by him; for hee thinkes it no theft, to ſell all he can to opinion. His pedigree and his fathers ſeale-ring, are the ſtilts of his crazed diſpoſition. He had rather keepe company with the dregges of men, than not to be the beſt man. His inſinuation is the inuiting men to his houſe; and hee thinkes it a great modeſtie, to comprehend his cheere vnder a peece of mutton and a rabbet; if by this time he be not knowne, hee will goe home againe, for hee can no more abide to haue himſelfe concealed, then his land; yet he is as you ſee good for nothing, except to make a ſtallion to maintaine the race.

A Welchman.

IS the Oyſter, that the pearle is in, for a man may be pickt out of him. He hath the abilities of the minde in *potentia*, and *actu* nothing but boldnes. His clothes are in faſhion before his body; and he accompts boldnes the chiefeſt vertue. Aboue all men he loues a Herald, and ſpeakes pedigrees naturally. Hee accompts none well deſcended, that call him not Coſen: and prefers *Owen Glendower* before any of the nine Worthies. The firſt note of his familiaritie is the confeſſion of his valour; and ſo he preuents quarrels. Hee voucheth Welch a pure, and vnconquered language; and courts Ladies with the ſtorie of their Chronicle. To conclude, he is precious in his owne conceit, and vpon *S. Dauids* day without compariſon.

A Pedant.

HE treads in rule, and one hand skans verſes, and the other holds his ſcepter. He dares not thinke a thought that the Nominatiue caſe gouernes not the verbe; and he neuer had meaning in his life, for hee trauelled onely for words. His ambition is *Criticiſme*, and his example is *Tully*. He values phraſes, and elects them by the ſound, and the eight parts of ſpeach are his ſeruants. To be briefe, heis a *Hetaroclite*, for hee wants the plurall number, hauing onely the ſingle qualitie of words.

A Seruingman

IS a creature which though he be not drunke, yet is not his owne man. Hee tels without asking, who ownes him, by the ſuperſcription of his liuerie. His life is for eaſe and leaſure much about gentleman-like. His wealth enough to ſuffice nature, and ſufficient to make him happy, if hee were ſure of it; for hee hath little and wants nothing, he values himſelfe higher or lower, as his maſter is. Hee hates or loues the men, as his Maſter doth the Maſter. He is commonly proud of his Maſters horſes, or his Chriſtmas; hee ſleepes when he is ſleepie, is of his religion, onely the clocke of his ſtomacke is to ſet to goe an hower after his. He ſeldome breakes his owne clothes. He neuer drinkes but double, for hee muſt be pledg'd: nor commonly without ſome ſhort ſentence nothing to the purpoſe: and ſeldome abſtaines till hee come to a thirſt. His diſcretion is to be carefull for his Maſters credit, and his ſufficiencie to marſhall diſhes at a table, and to carue well. His neatneſſe conſiſts much in his haire and outward linnen. His courting language, viſible bawdy ieſts; and againſt his matter faile, he is alway ready furniſhed with a ſong. His inheritance is the chamber-maide, but often purchaſeth his Maſters daughter, by reaſon of opportunitie, or for want of a better; he alwaies cuckolds himſelfe, and neuer marries but his own widow. His maſter beeing appeaſed, he becomes a retainer, and entailes himſelfe and his poſteritie vpon his heires males for euer.

An Hoſt

IS the kernell of a ſigne: or the ſigne is the ſhell and mine Hoſt is the ſnaile. He conſiſts of double beere and fellowſhip, and his vices are the bawdes of his thirſt. Hee entertaines humbly, and giues his gueſts power, aſwell of himſelfe as houſe. He anſwers all mens expectations to his power, ſaue in the reckoning: and hath gotten the tricke of greatneſſe, to lay all miſlikes vpon his ſeruants. His wife is the *Cumin-ſeede* of his douc-houſe: and to bee a good gueſt is a warrant for her libertie. Hee traffiques for gueſts by mens friends, friends friend, and is ſenſible only of his purſe. In a word, he is none of his owne: for he neither eats, drinks, or thinks but at other mens charges and appointments.

An Oſtler

IS *a thing that ſcrubbeth vnreaſonably his horſe, reaſonably himſelfe.* He conſiſts of Trauellers, though he bee none himſelfe. His higheſt ambition is to bee Hoſt, and the inuention of his ſigne is his greateſt wit: for the expreſſing whereof he ſends away the Painters for want of vnderſtanding. He hath certaine charmes for a horſe mouth, that he ſhould not eat his hay: and behind your backe, hee will cozen your horſe to his face. His curry-combe is one of his beſt parts, for hee expreſſeth much by the gingling: and his mane-combe is a Spinners card turn'd out of ſeruice. Hee puffes

puffes and blowes ouer your horſe, to the hazard of a double Iugge: and leaues much of the dreſſing to the prouerbe of *Muli mutuo ſcabient*, one horſe rubs another. He comes to him that cals loudeſt not firſt; he takes a broken head patiently, but the knaue he feeles not. His vtmoſt honeſty is good fellowſhip, and hee ſpeakes Northerne, what country-man ſoeuer. Hee hath a penſion of Ale from the next *Smith* and *Sadler* for intelligence. He loues to ſee you ride, and holds your ſtirrop in expectation.

NEWES,
FROM ANY WHENCE:
OR
Old Truths vnder a ſuppoſall of *Noueltie.*

¶ Occaſioned by diuers Eſſayes and priuate *paſſages of wit betweene ſundry Gentlemen* vpon that ſubiect.

Newes from Court.

IT is thought heere, that there are as great miſeries beyond happineſſe, as a this ſide it, as *being in loue*. That truth is euery mans by aſſenting. That time makes euery thing aged, and yet it ſelf was neuer but a minute old. That next *ſleepe*, the greateſt deuourer of time is buſineſſe: the greateſt ſtretcher of it, *Paſſion*; the trueſt meaſure of it, *Contemplation*. To be ſaued, alwaies is the beſt plot: and vertue alwaies cleeres her way as ſhe goes. *Vice* is euer behind-hand with it ſelfe; that *wit* and a *woman* are two fraile thinges, and both the frailer by concurring. That the meanes of begetting a man hath more encreaſt mankind then the end. That the madneſſe of loue is to be ſicke of one part, and cured by another. The madneſſe of ielouſie, that it is ſo diligent, and yet hopes to looſe his labour. That all women

women for the bodily part, are but the ſame meaning put in diuers words; that the difference in the ſenſe is their vnderſtanding. That the wiſedome of *Action* is *Diſcretion*, the knowledge of contemplation is truth, the knowledge of action is men. That the firſt conſiders what ſhould bee, the latter makes vſe of what is. That euery man is weake in his owne humours. That euery man a little beyond himſelfe is a foole. That affectation is the more ridiculous part of folly then ignorance. That the matter of greatneſſe is compariſon. That God made one world of *Subſtances*; man hath made another of *Art* and *Opinion*. That Mony is nothing but a thing which Art hath turned vp trump. That cuſtome is the ſoule of circumſtances. That cuſtome hath ſo farre preuailed, that truth is now the greateſt newes. *T. O.*

Anſwer to the Court Newes.

THat *Happines* & *Miſerie* are *Antipodes*. That *Goodnes* is not *Felicitie*, but they rode thither. That mans ſtrength is but a viciſitude of falling and riſing. That onely to refraine ill, is to bee ill ſtill. That the plot of ſaluation was laid before the plot of *Paradice* That enioying is the preparatiue to contemning. That he that ſeekes opinion beyond merit, goes iuſt ſo far backe. That no man can obtaine his deſires; nor in the world hath not to his meaſure. That to ſtudie men is more profitable than bookes. That mens loues are their afflictions. That titles of honour are rattles to ſtill ambition. That to be a King is fames *butt*, and feares *quiuer*. That the ſoules of women

women and louers are wrapt vp in the portmanque of their ſenſes. That imagination is the end of man. That wit is the web, and wiſedome the woofe of the cloth, ſo that womens ſoules were neuer made vp. That enuy knowes what it will not confeſſe. That *Goodneſſe* is like the art proſpectiue, one point center, begetting infinite rayes. That man, woman, and the deuill, are the three degrees of compariſon. That this newes holdes number but not weight, by which couple al things receiue forme. *A. S.*

Country Newes.

THat there is moſt heere, for it gathers in going. That reputation is meaſured by the acre. That pouerty is the greateſt diſhoneſty. That the pitty of (*alas poore ſoule*) is for the moſt part miſtaken. That roſt beefe is the beſt ſmel. That a Iuſtice of peace is the laſt relique of Idolatry. That the Allegory of Iuſtice drawne blinde, is turned the wrong way. That not to line to heauenly, is accounted great wrong. That wiſedome deſcends in a race. That wee loue names better than perſons. That to hold in Knights ſeruice is a ſlippery ſeruice. That a Papiſt is a new word for a traytor. That the duty of Religion is lent, not paid. That the reward is loſt in the want of humility. That the Puritane perſecution is as a cloud that can hide the glory of the light, but not the day. That the emulation of *Engliſh* & *Scots* to be the *Kings* Country-men, thruſt the honor on the *Welch*. That a Courtier neuer attaines his ſelfe-knowledge but by report. That his beſt embleme is a hearne dog. That many

ny great men are ſo proud they know not their owne Fathers. That loue is the taile-worme. That a woman is the effect of her owne firſt fame. That to remember, to know, and to vnderſtand, are three degrees not vnderſtood. That country ambition is no vice, for there is nothing aboue a man. That fighting is a Seruingmans valour, martyrdome their Maſters. That to liue long is to fill vp the daies we liue. That the zeale of ſome mens religion reflects from their friends. That the pleaſure of vice is indulgence of the preſent, for it endures but the acting. That the proper reward of goodnes is from within, the externall is policy. That good and ill is the croſſe and pile in the game of life. That the ſoule is the lampe of the body, reaſon of the ſoule, religion of reaſon, faith of religion, Chriſt of faith. That circumſtances are the atomies of policie, cenſure the being, action the life, but ſucceſſe the ornament. That authoritie preſſeth downe with weight and is thought violence: policy trips vp the heeles and is called dexteritie. That this life is a throng in a narrow paſſage, he that is firſt out finds eaſe, he in the middle worſt, hemb'd in with troubles, the hindmoſt that driues both out afore him, thogh not ſuffering wrong, hath his part in doing it. That God requires of our debts, a reckóning, not payment. That heauen is the eaſieſt purchaſe, for wee are the richer for the disburſing. That liberalitie ſhould haue no obiect but the poore, if our mindes were rich. That the miſterie of greatneſſe is to keep the inferior ignorant of it. That all this is no newes to a better wit.

That the Citie cares not what the Country thinks.

Sr. T. R.

Newes from the very Country.

THat it is a fripery of Courtiers, Marchants, and others, which haue bin in faſhion, & are very neere worne out. That Iuſtices of Peace haue the felling of vnderwoods, but the Lords haue the great fals. That Ieſuits are like Apricocks, heretofore here & there one ſuccour'd in a great mans houſe and coſt deare, now you may haue them for nothing in euery cottage. That euery great vice is a Pike in a pond that deuoures vertues and leſſe vices. That it is wholſomeſt getting a ſtomacke, by walking on your owne ground: and the thriftieſt laying of it at an others table. That debtors are in *London* cloſe priſoners, & here haue the libertie of the houſe. That *Atheiſts* in affliction, like blind beggers, are forced to aske though they know not of whom. That there are (God be thanked) not two ſuch acres in al the country, as the *Exchange* & *Weſtminſter-Hall*. That onely Chriſtmas Lords know their ends. That women are not ſo tender fruit, but that they do as well and beare as well vpon beds, as plaſhed againſt wals. That our carts are neuer worſe employed, than when they are wayted on by coaches. That ſentences in Authors, like haires in an horſetaile, concurre in one roote of beauty and ſtrength, but being pluckt out, one by one, ſerue onely for ſpringes and ſnares. That both want and abundance equally aduance a rectified man from the world, as cotton and ſtones are both good caſting for an hawke. That I am ſure there is none of the forbidden fruit left, becauſe we do not all eat thereof. That our beſt three pil'd miſchiefe comes

comes from beyond the ſea, & rides poſt through the country, but his errand is to Court. The next to no wife & children, your own wife and children are beſt paſtime, anothers wife and your children worſe, your wife & anothers children worſt. That Stateſmen hunt their fortunes, & are often at default: Fauorites courſe her and are euer in view. That intemperance is not ſo vnwholſome heere, for none euer ſaw Sparrow ſick of the pox. That here is no trechery nor fidelitie, but it is becauſe here are no ſecrets. That Court motions are vp & down, ours circular: theirs like ſquibs cannot ſtay at the higheſt, nor return to the place which they roſe from, but vaniſh & weare out in the way, Ours like mil-wheeles buſie without changing place; they haue peremptorie fortunes, we viciſſitudes. *I. D.*

Anſwere to the very Country Newes.

IT is thought heere, that man is the cooke of time, & made dreſſer of his own fatting. That the fiue Sences are Cinque-ports for temptation, the traffick ſin, the Lieutenant *Satan*, the cuſtome-tribute, ſoules. That the Citizens of the high Court grow rich by ſimplicitie: but thoſe of *London* by ſimple craft. That life, death and time, doe with ſhort cudgels dance the Matachine. That thoſe which dwel vnder the *Zona Torrida*, are troubled with more damps, than thoſe of *Frigida*. That *Policie* and *Superſtition* hath of late hir maſque rent from her face, and ſhe is found with a wry mouth & a ſtinking breath, and thoſe that courted her hotly, hate her now in the ſame degree, or beyond.

That nature too much louing her owne, becomes vnnaturall and fooliſh. That the ſoule in ſome is like an egge, hatched by a yong pullet, who often rigging from her neſt, makes hot and cold beget rottenneſſe, which her wanton youth will not beleeue, 'till the faire ſhel being broken, the ſtink appeareth to profit others, but cannot her. That thoſe are the wiſe ones, that hold the ſuperficies of vertue, to ſupport her contrary and all-ſufficient. That clemencie within & without is the nurſe of rebellion. That thought of the future is retired into the country, and time preſent dwels at Court. That I liuing neere the churchyard, where many are buried of the peſt, yet my infection commeth from *Spaine*, and it is feared it will diſperſe further into the kingdome. *A. S.*

Newes to the Vniuerſitie.

A Meere Scholler, is but a liue book. Action doth expreſſe knowledge, better then words; ſo much of the ſoule is loſt, as the body cannot vtter. To teach ſhould rather bee an effect, then the purpoſe of learning. Age decaies nature, perfects Art: therefore the glory of youth, is ſtrength of the gray head, wiſdome; yet moſt condemne the follies of their own infancie, run after thoſe of the worlds, and in reuerence of antiquitie will beare an old error againſt a new truth. *Logick* is the *Heraldry* of Arts, the array of iudgement; none it ſelfe, nor any ſcience without it: where it and learning meet not, muſt be either a skilfull ignorance, or a wild knowledge. Vnderſtanding cannot conclude out of moode and figure. Diſcretion conteines

Rheto-

Rhetorique; the next way to learne good words, is to learne ſenſe; the neweſt *Philoſophie* is ſoundeſt, the eldeſt *Diuinitie*: *Aſtronomie* begins in Nature, ends in Magicke. There is no honeſty of the body without health, which no man hath had ſince *Adam*. *Intemperance* that was the firſt mother of ſickneſſe, is now the daughter. Nothing dies but qualities. No kind in the world can periſh without ruine of the whole. All parts helpe one another (like States) for particuler intereſt. So in Arts which are but tranſlations of nature. There is no ſound poſition in any one, which, imagine falſe, there may not from it be drawne ſtrong concluſions, to diſproue all the reſt. Where one truth is granted, it may be by direct meanes brought to confirme any other controuerted. The ſoule and body of the firſt man, were made fit to be immortall together, we cannot liue to the one, but we muſt die to the other. A man and a Chriſtian are two creatures. Our perfection in this World is vertue, in the next knowledge, when wee ſhall reade the glory of God in his owne face.

Newes from Sea.

THat the beſt pleaſure is to haue no obiect of pleaſure, and vniformity is a better proſpect then variety. That putting to Sea is change of life, but not of condition: where riſings and fals, calmes and croſſegales are yours in order and by turne, forewindes but by chance. That it is the worſt wind to haue no wind, and that your ſmooth fac'd Courtier deading your courſe by a calme, giues greater impediment, then an

open aduerſaries croſſe-gale. That leuitie is a vertue, for many are held vp by it. That its nothing ſo intricate and infinite to rig a ſhip as a Woman, and the more either is fraught, the apter to leake. That to pumpe the one and ſhreeue the other, is alike noyſome. That ſmall faults habituated are as dangerous as little leakes vnfound, and that to puniſh and not preuent, is to labour in the pumpe, and leaue the leak open. That it is beſt ſtriking ſaile before a ſtorm, and neceſſarieſt in it. That a little time in our life is beſt, as the ſhorteſt cut to our Hauen is the happieſt voyage. That to him that hath no Hauen, no winde is friendly, and yet it is better to haue no Hauen, then ſome kind of one. That expedition is euery where to be bribed but at Sea. That gaine workes this myracle to make men walk vpon the water, and that the ſound of commodity drownes the noiſe of a ſtorme, eſpecially of an abſent one. That I haue once in my life outgone night at Sea but neuer darkneſſe: and that I ſhal neuer wonder to ſee a hard World, becauſe I haue liued to ſee the Sun a bankerout, being ready to ſtarue for cold in his perpetuall preſence. That a mans companions are (like ſhips) to be kept in diſtance, for falling foule one of another, onely with my friend I will cloſe. That the faireſt field for a running head is the Sea, where he may runne himſelfe out of breath, and his humour out of him. That I could carry you much further, and yet leaue more before then behinde, and all will be but *via Nauis*, without print or tracke, for ſo is morall inſtruction to youthes watriſh humour. That though a Ship vnder ſaile bee a good ſight, yet it is better to ſee her moor'd in the Hauen. That I care not what become of this fraile Barke of my fleſh,

ſo

so I saue the Passenger. And heere I cast Anchor.

W. S.

Forrein Newes of the yeare 1614.

From France.

IT is deliuered from *France* that the choise of frends there is as of their Wines, those that being new, are hard and harsh, proue best; the most pleasing are least lasting. That an enemy fierce at the first onset is as a torrent tumbling downe a Mountaine; a while it beares all before it, haue but that whiles patience you may passe it dry-foot. That a penetrating iudgement may enter into a mans minde by his bodies gate; if this appeare affected, apish, and vnstable; a wonder if that be setled.

That vaine-glory, new fashions and the *French* disease are vpon tearmes of quitting their Countries Allegance to be made free Denisons of *England*. That the wounds of ancient enmities haue their scars, which cannot be so well closed to the sight but they will lye open to the memory. That a Princes pleasurable vices vshered by authority, and waited on by conniuence, sooner punish themselues by the subiects imitation, they they can be reformed by remonstrance or correction, so apt are all ill examples to rebound on them that giue them. That Kinges heare truth oftener for the tellers then their owne aduantage.

From

From Spaine.

THat the ſhorteſt cut to the riches of the Indies is by their contempt. That who is feared of moſt, feares moſt. That it more vexeth the proud that men deſpiſe them, then that they not feare them. That greatneſſe is fruitfull enough, when other helps faile, to beget on it ſelfe deſtruction. That it is a groſſe flattering of tired cruelty to honeſt it with the title of clemency. That to eate much at other mens coſt, and little at his owne, is the wholeſomeſt and moſt noriſhing dyet both in Court and Country. That thoſe are apteſt to dominere ouer others, who by ſuffering indignities haue learned to offer them. That ambition like a ſeeled Doue flies vp to fall downe, it mindes not whence it came, but whither it will. That euen Gally-ſlaues ſetting light by their captiuity, finde freedome in bondage. That to bee ſlow in military buſineſſes is to be ſo curteous as to giue the way to an enemy. That lightning and greatneſſe more feare then hurt.

From Rome.

THat the venereal (called veniall) ſin is to paſſe in the ranke of Cardinall vertues, and that thoſe ſhould be held henceforth his Holineſſe beneficiall friends, that ſinne vpon hope of pardon. That where Vice is a State-commodity, hee is an offender that often offends not. That Iewes and Curtezans there, are as beaſts that men feed to feed on. That for

an Englishman to abide at *Rome* is not so dangerous as report makes it, since it skils not where wee liue so we take heed how we liue. That greatnesse comes not downe by the way it went vp, there being often found a small distance betweene the highest and the lowest fortunes. That rackt authority is oft lesse at home thē abroad regarded, while things that seeme, are (commonly) more a farre off then neere hand feared.

From Venice.

THat the most profitable bancke is the true vse of a mans selfe, while such as grow mouldy in idlenes make their houses their toombs, and die before their death. That many dangerous Spirits lye buried in their wants, which had they meanes to their mindes would dare as much as those that with their better fortunes ouertop them. That professed Curtezans, if they bee any way good, it is because they are openly bad. That frugality is the richest treasure of an Estate, where men feed for hunger, clothe for cold and modesty, and spend for honor, charity, and safety.

From Germany.

THat the infectious vice of drunken good fellowship is like to sticke by that Nation as long as the multitude of offendors benums the sense of offending, and that a common blot is held no staine. That discretions must be taken by weight, not taile: who doth otherwise, shall both proue his owne too light and fall

ſhort of his reckoning. That feare and a nice forecaſt of euery ſleight danger ſeldome giues either faithfull or fruitfull counſell. That the Empire of *Germanie* is not more great then that ouer a mans ſelfe.

From the low Countries.

THat one of the ſureſt grounds of a mans liberty is, not to giue another power ouer it. That the moſt dangerous plunge whereto to put thine enemy is deſperation, while forcing him to ſet light by his owne life, thou makeſt him maiſter of thine. That neglected danger lights ſooneſt and heauieſt. That they are wiſeſt who in the likelihood of good, prouide for ill. That ſince pittie dwels at the next doore to miſery, hee liueth moſt at eaſe that is neighboured with enuy. That the euill fortune of the warres as wel as the good is variable.

Newes from my Lodging.

THat the beſt proſpect is to looke inward. That it is quieter ſleeping in a good conſcience then a whol skin. That a ſoule in a fat body lies ſoft, and is loth to riſe. That he muſt riſe betimes who would coſen the diuell. That *Flatterie* is increaſed from a pillow vnder the elbow, to a bed vnder the whole body. That *Policy* is the vnſleeping night of reaſon. That he who ſleepes in the cradle of ſecurity, ſins ſoundly without ſtarting. That guilt is the flea of the conſcience. That no man is throughly awaked but by affliction. That a hang'd

chamber

chamber in priuate is nothing ſo conuenient as a hang'd Traitor in publique. That the religion of *Papiſtry*, is like a curtaine made to keep out the light. That the life of moſt women is walking in their ſleepe, and they talke their dreames. That chambering is counted a ciuiller quality, then playing at tables in the Hall, though Seruingmen vſe both. That the beſt bedfellow for all times in the yeere is a good bed without a fellow. That he who tumbles in a calme bed, hath his tempeſt within. That hee who will riſe, muſt firſt lye downe, and take humilitie in his way. That ſleepe is deaths picture drawn to life, or the twilight of life and death. That in ſleepe wee kindly ſhake death by the hand, but when we are awaked we will not know him. That often ſleeping are ſo many trials to die, that at laſt we may doe it perfectly. That few dare write the true newes of their chamber, and that I haue none ſecret enough to tempt a ſtrangers curioſitie, or a ſeruants diſcouerie. *God giue you good morrow.*

R. B.

Newes of my morning worke.

THat to be good is the way to be moſt alone or the beſt accompanied. That the way to heauen is miſtaken for the moſt melancholy walke. That moſt fear the worlds opinion more then Gods diſpleaſure. That a Court friend ſeldom goes further then the firſt degree of charitie. That the diuell is the perfecteſt Courtier. That innocencie was firſt cozen to man, now guiltineſſe hath the neereſt alliance. That ſleepe is deaths leger Embaſſador. That time can neuer

bee ſpent: wee paſſe by it and cannot returne. That none can be ſure of more time then an inſtant. That ſinne makes worke for repentance or the Deuill. That patience hath more power then afflictions. That euery ones memory is diuided into two partes: the part looſing all is the Sea, the keeping part is Land. That honeſty in the Court liues in perſecution like Proteſtants in Spaine. That predeſtination and conſtancie are alike vncertaine to bee iudged of. That reaſon makes loue the Seruing-man. That vertues fauour is better then a Kings fauorite. That being ſicke begins a ſute to God, being well poſſeſſeth it. That health is the Coach which carries to Heauen, ſickneſſe the poſthorſe. That worldly delights to one in extreame ſickneſſe, is like a hie candle to a blind man. That abſence doth ſharpen loue, preſence ſtrengthens it, that the one brings fuell, the other blowes til it burnes cleere: that loue often breakes friendſhip, that euer increaſeth loue. That conſtancy of women and loue in men is alike rare. That Art is truths Iugler. That falſhood plaies a larger part in the world then truth. That blind zeale and lame knowledge are alike apt to ill. That fortune is humbleſt where moſt contemned. That no porter but reſolution keepes feare out of minds. That the face of goodnes without a body is the worſt wickedneſſe. That womens fortunes aſpire but by others powers. That a man with a female wit is the worſt *Hermaphrodite*. That a man not worthy beeing a friend, wrongs himſelfe by being an acquaintance. That the worſt part of ignorance is making good and ill ſeeme alike. That all this is newes onely to fooles.

Mris. B.

Newes from the lower end of the Table.

IT is ſaid among the folks here, that if a man die in his infancy, he hath only broke his faſt in this world: If in his youth, he hath left vs at diner. That it is bed-time with a man at threeſcore & ten; and he that liues to a hundred yeares hath walked a mile after ſupper. That the humble-minded man makes the loweſt curtſie. That grace before meate is our election before wee were; grace after, our ſaluation when we are gone. The ſoule that halts betweene two opinions, fals betweene two ſtooles. That a foole at the vpper end of the table is the bread before the ſalt. He that hates to be reproued ſits in his own light. Hunger is the cheapeſt ſawce and nature the cheapeſt gueſt. The ſenſible man & the ſilent woman are the beſt diſcourſers. Repentance without amendment is but the ſhifting of a foule trencher. Hee that tels a lye to ſaue his credit, wipes his mouth with his ſleeue to ſpare his napkin. The tongue of a ieſter is the fiddle that the hearts of the company dance to. The tongue of a foole carues a peece of his hart to euery man ſits next him. A ſilent man is a couered meſſe. The contented man only is his own caruer. He that hath many friends eats too much ſalt with his meat. That wit without diſcretion cuts other men meat & his own fingers. That the ſoule of a cholerick man ſits euer by the fire ſide. That patience is the larde to the leane meate of aduerſitie. The Epicure puts his money into his belly, and the Miſer his belly into his purſe. That the beſt company makes the vpper end of the table, & not the ſaltſeller. The ſuperfluity of a mans poſſeſsions is the broken meat that ſhould remaine to

the poor. That the enuious keeps his knife in his hand and ſwallows his meat whole. A rich foole among the wiſe is a gilt empty bowle among the thirſty. Ignorance is an inſenſible hunger. The water of life is the beſt wine. He that robs me of my inuention bids himſelfe welcome to another mans table, & I will bid him welcome when hee is gone. The vaine-glorious man piſſeth more then he drinks. That no man can drinke a health out of the cup of bleſſing. To ſurfet vpon wit is more dangerous then to want it. He that's ouercome of any paſſion is dry drunk. Tis eaſier to fill the belly of faith, then the eye of reaſon. The rich glutton is better fed then taught. That faith is the elbow for a heauy ſoule to leane on. He that ſins that he may repent, ſurfets that he may take phyſick. Hee that riſeth without thanksgiuing, goes away & owes for his ordinary. He that begins to repent when he is old, neuer waſhed his hands till night. That this life is but one day of three meales, or one meale of three courſes, childhood, youth, and old age. That to ſup well is to liue well, and that's the way to ſleep well. That no man goes to bed till he dyes, nor wakes till he is dead. And therefore

Good night to you heere
and good morrow hereafter.

I. C.

Newes from the Bed.

THat the bed is the beſt rendevou of mankinde, and the moſt neceſſary ornament of a chamber. That Souldiers are good antiquaries in keeping the old faſhion, for the firſt bed was the bare ground. That a mans pillow is his beſt counſeller. That *Adam* lay in ſtate

ſtate when the heauen was his canopie. That the naked truth is *Adam*, and *Eue* lay without ſheetes. That they were either very innocent, very ignorant, or very impudent. they were not aſhamed the heauens ſhould ſee them lye without a couerlet. That it is likely *Eue* ſtudied Aſtronomie, which makes the poſteritie of her ſex euer ſince to lye on their backs. That the circumference of the bed is nothing ſo wide as the conuex of the heauens, yet it containes a whole world. That the fiue ſences are the greateſt ſleepers. That a ſlothfull man is but a reaſonable Dormouſe. That the ſoule euer wakes to watch the body. That a Iealous man ſleeps dog-ſleep. That ſleepe makes no difference between a wiſe-man and a foole. That for all times ſleep is the beſt bedfellow. That the diuell & miſchiefe euer wake. That loue is a dreame. That the prepoſterous hopes of ambitious men are like pleaſing dreames, fartheſt off when awake. That the bed payes *Venus* more cuſtome then all the world beſide. That if dreames and wiſhes had been all true, there had not been ſince Popery one maide to make a Nun of. That the ſecure man ſleeps ſoundly & is hardly to be wak't. That the charitable man dreames of building Churches, but ſtarts to thinke the vngodly Courtier will pull them down againe. That great ſleepers were neuer dangerous in a ſtate. That there is a natural reaſon why Popiſh Prieſts chuſe the bed to confeſſe their women vpon, for they hold it neceſſarie that humiliation ſhould follow ſhrift. That if the bed ſhould ſpeake all it knowes, it would put many to the bluſh. That it is fit the bed ſhould know more then paper.

R. S.

FINIS.

XUM